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own, as he said, with a manly tenderness that was in itself the best declaration of his love:

"Rose, it was your own sweet face that inspired my tongue at that time. Will you be my inspiration through life, walking hand-in-hand with me to do our Lord's work by proving in our own lives that 'love is the fulfilling of the law?'"

Dear little Rose! She had learned the full meaning of that sacred word now, nor was she ashamed to acknowledge its power.

"To be sure, it's a family matter, but it's a case of conscience, too, an' Mis. Stinchfield an' me concluded I'd better talk the matter over with you, an' get your advice on't."

The deacon was evidently embarrassed, and with a good-natured desire to help him to an explanation, Mr. Eldon remarked, encouragingly:

"You are welcome to my opinion, such as it is, and you may be sure that, whatever is of personal concern to you can not fail to be of interest to me."

"Yes; no doubt on't," with a thoughtful nod of his grizzled head; then, having made up his mind for the plunge, he added, squarely:

"You see, we've been to a deal of expense in time and money a' givin' our daughter Abigail a good eddication, an' if I do say it, there ain't a better-brought-up girl, or one that can read a chapter in the Bible or write a fairer hand, to say nothin' of the spellin', than our Abigail. Then, she's natterally stiddy an' well disposed, an' her mother always said she believed she was meant for a missionary, or a minister's wife, at the least; in fact, she gin 'er in 'er very cradle ter the cause, an' there ain't never been no doubt in our minds that she was foreordained to that special service."

"Does she share in this feeling herself?"

"Oh, dear, no," groaned the deacon; "there's the rub; for she's fairly bound not to see it in that light, an' declares, out an' out, that if she can't have Jotham Springer, she won't have nobody. Now, what are we to do?"

"Nothing, that I can see."

"But," urged the deacon, apprehensively, "this allowin' her ter shirk her duty, an' make a Jonah of herself—"

"An honest heart is its own best judge of what is duty."

Deacon Stinchfield looked unconvinced, but the other went on more boldly, as he thought of poor Abigail's appealing face:

"You have nothing against the young man personally?"

"Oh, no, indeed! nothin' at all. Jotham's a smart, savin', well-principled young man as you'll find anywhere; but if Abigail marries him she'll have to work hard with her hands all her life instead of doin' the Lord's work, such as visitin' the sick an' leadin' in the female prayer meetin's. Now, don't you think that will be like buryin' of her talent in the ground?"

"By no means!" And the young minister's face grew bright, and he spoke with an earnestness that rather surprised the good deacon. "There is no duty so homely, no work so humble, that may not be ennobled and elevated into a holy service by the soul that, clasping with one hand the divine, with the other a human love, walks patiently along the way that lies before it, satisfied with its own allotted work, however humble it may be."

"P'raps you're right. In fact, on the whole, I don't know but what you are," thoughtfully replied the deacon, after a few moments. "An' so you'd advise our lettin' Abigail serve the Lord by suitin' 'erself?"

There was a sly twinkle in the old man's eye that encouraged his companion to a little personal confidence on his own part, and Abigail was equally mystified and delighted, the following morning, at her

mother's order to Jotham to "tackle up an' carry Abigail over to the Corners to get another yard for her dress, an' some currants an' raisins, for she was going to invite the minister's intended, Rose Mayberry, an' her grandmother, there to tea, next week, and" (to Abigail) "we might as well make our cake to-morrow as any time."

The long-forbidden privilege of a ride with Jotham was fully explained by the concluding bit of information, and as the two rode blithely away together over the smooth, snowy road, the deacon's daughter blessed in her heart the sweet girl whose charms had removed the unconscious obstacle to her own happiness, and convinced her tyrannical but not ill-meaning mother, that a minister may have an eye for beauty, and a heart as susceptible to youth and grace as any other man; while the minister himself, flushed with the realization of his dream of bliss, takes to his heart, humbly, reverently, the once startling truth, that "love can never be out of place, even in the pulpit."

—H. G. Rowe.



OUR PET!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

ALL the elements of the horrible and sublime combine to render a naval conflict one of the most awful contests in which men engage. Afloat on the dark, mysterious, boundless and fathomless ocean, the terrible ships of war meet, doing their best to destroy each other. The roar of the cannon, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the dying, mingle with the crackling of the flames and the crashing of the ship's rigging, and, if the battle takes place at night, the water is illumined with a dreadful glare, while the smoke of the conflict hides the stars and obscures the face of the moon. Very brave must have been those men, in generations past, who contested for the supremacy of the sea in their old-fashioned wooden ships. And no more determined and hotly waged battles have occurred than those fought between the two great branches of the English-speaking people—the Americans and the sons of Great Britain. Such a contest was the furious and famous one between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*. Mr. J. O. Davidson, in the picture "After the Battle," has given us a graphic companion piece to "An Old-Time Sea-

Fight." The battle has raged for hours, far into the night, until at last the English captain has struck his colors in token of surrender to the American. His ship is on fire, and the sailors and soldiers are lowering themselves into the water as fast as possible, from the bows of the vessel, risking death by drowning rather than meet the more horrible fate which stares them in the face. The flames, fed by tar, burst with great fury from the port-holes, and rush with maddening speed up the rigging, into the sails, which they devour like scrolls of parchment. Dense volumes of smoke fill the air, great clouds of which settle upon the water, almost hiding from view the hull of the American ship. The noise of battle has ceased, and where but a short time before only the destruction of life was thought of, now every effort is being made to pluck the enemy from a watery grave. The Americans are sending such relief as they can to the gallant Englishmen who fought so long and so well. In Cooper's "Naval History of the United States" we read in the account of the conflict between the

Bon Homme Richard, under Commodore Paul Jones, and the English ship *Serapis*, that "The ships were now on fire again, and both parties, with the exception of a few guns on each side, ceased fighting, in order to subdue this common enemy. In the course of the combat, the *Serapis* is said to have been set on fire no less than twelve times, while, toward its close, the *Richard* was burning all the while."

The American ship seems to have suffered from the contest quite as much, if not more than the English, although it was the victor. After the battle it was found that the *Richard* was both sinking and on fire. The flames had got within the ceiling, and extended so far that they menaced the magazine, while all the pumps, in constant use, could barely keep the water at the same level. Had it depended on the exhausted people of the two combatants, the ship must have soon sunk, but help came from the other vessels of the American fleet. So imminent did the danger from the fire become, that all the powder was got on deck to prevent an explosion, and several men were so alarmed as to jump overboard. In this manner did the night of the battle pass, with one gang always at the pumps and another contending with the flames, until about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the latter were got under.

When the day dawned, an examination was made into the situation of the *Richard*. Aboard, on a line with the guns of the *Serapis*, the timbers were found to be nearly all beaten in, or beaten

out, for there was little difference between the two sides of the ship. So great was the damage, most of the shot from the *Serapis*, at the close of the action must have gone through the *Richard* without touching any thing. The rudder was cut from the stern-post, all the after part of the ship was torn to pieces, and nothing had saved those stationed on the quarter-deck, but the impossibility of sufficiently elevating guns that almost touched their object.

NOON AND NIGHT.

WHEN the wave in sunlight swims,
And the heaven overbrims,
Till the bounds of earth and ocean melt away,—
Mortal thought be swallowed so!
Let me nothing feel or know,
Save the blessed, shining spirits of the Day!

But when drops the last light, dead,
'Twixt the darkness overhead
And the shadow under, that in wrath unite,—
Watch about me, bar me round,
Human sight and human sound,
From the black, unholy phantoms of the Night.

—Kale Putnam Osgood.